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MEDICAL FAITH.

In Egypt there have been, of late years, a few English and French physicians, who practise according to the rules of modern medicine, as taught in the most enlightened parts of the world. There is at the same time a vast number of the old native practitioners, who pretend to cure everything by charms and amulets, or by such therapeutics as the swallowing of a masked prayer or extract from the Koran. We were much struck lately on hearing an intelligent native of Egypt declare, that it often appeared as if the old practitioners achieved the greater proportion of cures.

The fact—for we can well believe it to be one—seems worthy of some philosophic consideration. It is, we think, generally overlooked by writers on quackery in medicine, that it is not simple credulity that is concerned in supporting the trade of the quack. This credulity is attended with a certain effect, which reacts in justifying the credulous to himself, and making him even bear ridicule with a sort of heroism. It supplies him, in short, with facts, which he believes to be good ground for his faith. The denouncer of quackery, neglecting this point, and proclaiming war against his convictions as wholly composed of delusion, leaves him as he found him, and makes but little way in guarding the public against similar absurdities.

The career of all great quackeries has been, for the most part, the same. An ignorant person, in or out of the medical profession, is accidentally impressed with the belief that some particular thing or process is attended with a curative effect. As an example: 'A young man, who had been brought up as a journeyman cooper, was instructed by his mother in the art of *shampooing*. Shampooing, and other modes of friction, have been long known as useful remedies in certain cases of stiff joints and weakened limbs, and as a substitute for exercise in bedridden patients; and there are many respectable females of the class of nurses in London who practise the art very successfully, and think themselves amply remunerated by earning a few shillings daily. But this youth was more fortunate. One or two cures, which it was reported he had made, caused him to be talked of at every dinner-table. It was believed that he had made a prodigious discovery in the healing art—that shampooing, performed according to his method, was a remedy for all disorders. Not only those to whose cases the treatment was really applicable, but those to whose cases it was not applicable at all—patients with diseases of the hip and spine, of the lungs and liver—patients with the worst diseases, and patients with no disease whatever—went to be shampooed. The time of the artist, being fully

occupied, rose in value; and we have no doubt that we do not overestimate his gains in saying that, for one or two years, his receipts were at the rate of £6000 annually. Matters went on thus for two or three years, when the delusion ceased as suddenly as it had leapt into vigour, and the shampooer found himself all at once deprived of his vocation.*

As another and equally instructive example. It was about the close of the last century, that Benjamin D. Perkins, an American surgeon practising in London, announced the sanative virtues of what he called his *Metallic Tractors*. They were a couple of small tapering pieces of metal—one zinc, the other copper—which the practitioner drew along in repeated passes near the part of the patient affected by disease, giving out that thus the disease was somehow drawn or magnetised away. For a time, persons afflicted with gout, rheumatism, and other disorders, came in vast numbers to Mr Perkins to be healed. His tractors, for which he had taken out a patent, were sold at five guineas a pair. The Society of Friends, to which body he belonged, benevolently raised an hospital, in which he might practise on the poor. At length a Dr Haygarth, of Bath, hit upon a method of exposing the fallacy of the tractors. He suggested to Dr Falconer that they should make wooden tractors, paint them to resemble the steel [?] ones, and see if the very same effects would not be produced. Five patients were chosen from the hospital in Bath, upon whom to operate. Four of them suffered severely from chronic rheumatism in the ankle, knee, wrist, and hip, and the fifth had been afflicted for several months with the gout. On the day appointed for the experiments, Dr Haygarth and his friends assembled at the hospital, and with much solemnity brought forth the fictitious tractors. Four out of the five patients said their pains were immediately relieved; and three of them said they were not only relieved, but very much benefited. One felt his knee warmer, and said he could walk across the room. He tried and succeeded, although on the previous day he had not been able to stir. The gouty man felt his pains diminish rapidly, and was quite easy for nine hours, until he went to bed, when the twitching began again. On the following day, the real tractors were applied to all the patients, when they described their symptoms in nearly the same terms.

* To make still more sure, the experiment was tried in the Bristol Infirmary, a few weeks afterwards, on a man who had a rheumatic affection in the shoulder, so severe as to incapacitate him from lifting his hand from

* From an article in the *Quarterly Review* (vol. lxxi, p. 90), understood to have been written by Sir Benjamin Brodie.

his knee. The fictitious tractors were brought and applied to the afflicted part, one of the physicians, to add solemnity to the scene, drawing a stop-watch from his pocket to calculate the time exactly, while another, with a pen in his hand, sat down to write the change of symptoms from minute to minute as they occurred. In less than four minutes, the man felt so much relieved, that he lifted his hand several inches without any pain in the shoulder.*

In our own day, we have seen a gigantic system of what may be called uncanonical medicine arise under the name of Homeopathy; and it is still running its course. Its leading dogmas are—that diseases are curable by the articles which naturally produce similar affections in healthy persons, and that these must be administered in infinitesimally small doses. The explanation of an infinitesimally small dose, gives a key to the character of the system. Take a grain of aconite, for example, and mix it up in a certain quantity of water; then take a drop of this water, and diffuse it through a similar quantity of pure water; then let a drop of that again be diluted in like manner; and so on, for thirty times, in which case it is arithmetically demonstrable that you have the original grain diffused through a mass of water many millions of millions of times larger than the whole earth: a globule or small pill containing some of this infusion becomes the approved dose! At this moment, there are hundreds of respectable men practising homeopathy: as one remarkable fact, there are three shops for the sale of its peculiar medicines in our own city. It is understood to be in many instances more lucrative than the ordinary practice; yet we see no reason to doubt that the practitioners are, in general, well-meaning and earnest men. There are many curious stories told illustrative of the illusory character of the system. We shall not repeat them, because we do not wish unnecessarily to give offence. But we may be allowed to say that, according to the best judgment we can form regarding homeopathy, we are left no room to doubt that the views of its practitioners are founded in almost unmixed error.

Now, it appears to us, that no such processes as shampooing and magnetising, no such practice as that of homeopathy, nor any of the many pills, ointments, and other appliances which seek the public favour, could have the least chance of success, if they were wholly illusory—that is to say, if no positive effect, at least, appeared to follow from them. The superstitious practitioners of Egypt could not possibly, in our opinion, maintain their ground against the newly introduced English and French physicians, if they in every case left their patients just as they found them. Men in no stage of society are quite so weak and irrational as to continue from age unto age under a pure deception. The opponents, however, of quack-medicines and quack-practices, are usually so weak and irrational (for really it is little less), as to suppose that the bulk of their fellow-creatures are capable of this monstrous amount of delusion; and hence, we believe, their small success in disabusing the public of such deception as really exists.

One first, but hitherto neglected step is, in our opinion, necessary, in order to guard mankind against empiricisms in medicine; and this is an acknowledgment of the fact that, in many instances, a cure has followed the medicine or treatment, joined, however, with an explanation as to this cure.

In the first place, it may be connected with the taking of the medicine, or the submission to the treatment, merely in point of time. Contrary to the common notion, that a disease, if left to itself, will go on to a fatal conclusion, it is much more apt to go on to a recovery. 'Men,' says Dr Simpson, 'labouring under

diseases, even the most acute, and consequently much more so under slighter ailments, do not as a general rule die, even when left without any medicinal treatment whatever.' There is an internal energy in the system, recognised as the *vis medicatrix naturae*, which constantly works to the effecting of a cure; and often it does so with so much success, that the less positive interference from without the better. Such being the case, it is evident that where a medical attendant merely rubs some part of the body, administers a visionary or otherwise innocuous medicine, or acts in any other way indifferently to the actual disease, that disease may be all the time abating of itself, not in any way affected by the treatment, to which, accordingly, the cure can only be attributed under a mistake.

In the second place, there are cases in which the medicine or treatment may be said to have really effected a cure, more or less thorough and permanent, but in a wholly indirect manner. Its effect in these cases is owing to the intervention of a mental affection on the part of the patient. The maladies to which this principle applies are chiefly of a nervous character. The treatment is an application to the nervous system, which may be called the mainspring of the human constitution; it is so far, then, an intelligible process. At one time, we see a Valentine Greatrakes giving out that he can cure all diseases by stroking the affected part with his hand; at another, we have a Prince Hohenloë undertaking to heal the whole of a certain class of ailments in a distant province by his prayers, on the sole condition that the patients have faith in him, and pray to the same purpose at the same time. Or, perhaps, there is a belief, connected with the religious creed of the individual, that if he pilgrimage to a certain saint's well, or tomb, or shrine, and there go through certain ceremonies, his malady will leave him. Or it may simply be, that some mystical-looking system of therapeutics, like homeopathy, has acquired a hold upon the faith of the patient. In all cases, the patients are taught to expect something wonderful. A real effect is consequently wrought in them; and under the powerful impulse given for the moment to the nervous system, the bedrid finds he can rise, the paralytic throws away his crutches, the deaf hears, and even tumours and ulcers subside and are dried up. The possibility of such cures by such means is established beyond all contradiction. One noted case, often alluded to in medical works, is that of the besieged inhabitants of Breda, who, when invalided and bedrid with scurvy and other complaints, were rapidly restored to health by drinking of the solution of what they were told was a very precious drug smuggled into the town, for their especial benefit, by the Prince of Orange, but which was confessedly only a little coloured water. We are told that Sir Humphry Davy cured a paralytic man in a fortnight, by placing daily under his tongue the bulb of a pocket thermometer, from which the patient was led to believe that he inhaled a gas of sovereign virtue. M. Huc informs us, in his amusing *Travels in Tartary*, that the Lamas there cures all diseases by vegetable pills; but 'if he happens not to have any medicine with him, he is by no means disconcerted: he writes the names of the remedies upon little scraps of paper, moistens the paper with his saliva, and rolls them up into pills, which the patient tosses down with the same perfect confidence as if they were genuine medicaments. To swallow the name of a remedy, or the remedy itself, comes, say the Tartars, to precisely the same thing!'

It is, we conceive, entirely owing to the fact that diseases thus so frequently vanish under empiric treatment, either in a mere connection of time, or through an indirect efficacy in the treatment, that empiricism takes such a hold of the public mind—nay, that so many medical men, from whom better things are expected, adopt empiric styles of practice. The

* Mackay's Extraordinary Popular Delusions.

alleged facts are real; they are candidly accepted, and honestly acted on; only, they are all the time misinterpreted. What is first, and above all, required, accordingly, in order to save the world from quackery, is, that we meet its practitioners, defenders, and victims, on the ground of an acknowledgment and explanation of these facts. Till this is done, it will, we believe, be quite in vain to hold up to ridicule or lamentation the attestations given by nobles, clergymen, professors, and others, in favour of the cures effected by the Perkinses and the St John Longs, or to deplore that homoeopathy brings some men their six thousand a year, while honourable allopathists can sometimes hardly obtain a subsistence. When this is done, and medicine has become a scientific system, we may hope to see true therapeutics aided by the imagination as much as quackeries have been, and the orthodox doctor allowed the full gain which he deserves.

K A R L H A R T M A N N :

A STORY OF THE CRIMEA.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAP. III.

We reached Simferopol (formerly Akmedshid), a mean, straggling town, situated in a valley near the source of the tiny Salgir, early in the afternoon of the following day. The inhabitants we found in a state of panic-terror, ill concealed in the presence of strangers by a show of contemptuous bravado; news having arrived that the Allies had actually landed in great force near Eupatoria. Menschikoff had set out for the scene of expected action a week previously; and as nothing less than an order from the prince himself could procure us admittance into Sebastopol, the disappointment was a vexatious, depressing one. Major Kriloff proposed, or, more properly, decided, that we should follow the prince to the head-quarters of the Russian army, which, he said, would not only procure the required mandate much earlier than if we awaited his excellency's return to Simferopol, but enable us to be eye-witnesses of the signal overthrow preparing for the impious abettors of the Crescent against the Cross. It was so settled; and after dinner, Hartmann and I strolled, as if with no definite purpose, towards the Tatar division of the town (Ak-Metchet), where, if anywhere, Gabriel Derjarvin was to be found. A filthy, ill-kept, inodorous locality is Ak-Metchet, wherein the Helots of the Crimea seem to burrow rather than dwell. The narrow streets are neither paved nor lighted—the best shop-fronts are wooden shutters opening horizontally; and the principal coffee-house, to which we, with much difficulty, found our way, consisted of one large, low, dingy apartment, divided by rudely carpentered railings, about three feet high, into compartments floored within, and crammed full of dirty, bearded, loose-robed, loose-slipped, hang-dog-looking fellows, each with a cherry-stick pipe in his mouth, smoking in apathetic sullenness round a low table, upon which stood a brazier containing lighted charcoal, and utensils of various shapes and sizes filled with ink-coloured coffee. As soon as Hartmann could distinctly discern faces through the thick, stifling atmosphere, he beckoned to about the only decent-looking, respectably-attired guest there, who at once rose and followed us into the street.

'This, Monsieur Derjarvin,' said Hartmann stiffly, 'is the American gentleman, Mr Mark Henderson, who, I informed you, was expected here to make inquiries after his aunt, Madame Dalzell, and her daughter.'

A constrainedly civil but sinister smile lurked about the man's eyes and lips whilst Hartmann was speaking: not a positively ill-looking countenance, but strongly indicative of the fellow's mixed origin. 'Grattez le Russe et vous verrez le Tartare,' said Napoleon; and a very slight scratching of the super-

varnish would, it was abundantly plain, have made that discovery in the case of Gabriel Derjarvin.

'I should be most happy, sir,' said Derjarvin, addressing himself directly to me, 'to assist in furthering your pious views, were it in my power to do so; but the truth is, that Madame Dalzell, in order to consult and be near an eminent oculist, is gone with her daughter to reside in Sebastopol, where no stranger can, under present circumstances, be admitted. And they say, too, he added, with thinly masked insolence, 'that Sebastopol will be soon besieged, perhaps stormed, in which case God only knows what may happen.'

'You mean,' said Hartmann in a calm voice, though his face was white, and his frame quivering with scorn, hate, rage—'you mean that Madame Dalzell and her daughter may be killed; in which case Ypalanti's legacy might remain in the hands of the trustee.'

'It certainly,' replied Derjarvin with a devilish jeer, 'would not pass to the dastard husband, who—'

'Hartmann!' I interrupted, with difficulty arresting the uplifted hand, that would in another moment have dashed Derjarvin to the ground; 'for Heaven's sake, control yourself! And you, sir,' I added in French, 'might avoid insulting an absent man, and this gentleman's friend.'

'Is truth an insult?' he retorted. 'Yes, in this instance, I admit, the bitterest that could be offered! I shall endeavour,' he added, 'to acquaint Madame Dalzell with the interesting fact, that her nephew, having heard of the happy change in his aunt's fortunes, has arrived in the Crimea with the amiable object of cultivating her acquaintance. And now, au plaisir, messieurs, I happen to have important business to transact within.' He then re-entered the café.

'I am glad,' said Hartmann, as soon as his choking rage permitted speech—'I am glad you did not tell the scoundrel of your introduction to Prince Menschikoff.'

'It was as well, perhaps; but there is something of much more importance. Does Gabriel Derjarvin know who you are?'

'No, I think not; but it may be that he suspects. You, at all events, he cannot harm, nor ultimately baffle. And there are reasons why he would not denounce me, even if he were sure—. He knows, too, if he knows anything, that he plays with his own life who threatens mine—Major Kriloff!' In turning the corner of a street, we had come full butt upon the major. He was slightly confused, but for a moment only.

'Ah, messieurs,' said he, 'you are like me, then, out for a quiet stroll; and a curious, tumble-down part of the town it is we have lit upon. I shall soon rejoin you at the hotel.'

'Dogg'd!' I exclaimed, as soon as we were out of hearing, 'as I told you we should be. Depend upon it, he will find out whom we have been talking with, and have a chat himself with Derjarvin!'

'Very likely; but I am, as you see, fastened to the stake, and bear-like, must fight the course. The end is in the stars.'

We rose before the dawn, and were on the road to the Russian camp before Tchatur-Dagh, the loftiest of the Crimean mountains, displayed his morning sun-crown. The weather continued fine, though, as we neared our destination, the state of the roads shewed that rain had recently fallen in that part of the country. The district through which we were passing was a pleasant, diversified one, very similar to that before described, with the addition, that openings in the hills gave now and then to view patches of blue, glittering sea in the distance, shut in again, almost as soon as caught, by the devious road; but with the exception of the ubiquitous Cossacks, we saw no soldiers whatever: they were all, no doubt, concentrated for the now imminent conflict. About noon, on our second day's journey—the reader must understand

that we did not travel with the speed of a mail-coach over a macadamised road—we heard the booming of distant cannon, which the major and I took to be the commencement of that conflict, but which Hartmann pronounced to be merely artillery-practice, not a sustained battle cannonade—two very different things. His opinion we afterwards knew to be a correct one. The firing we heard, was that of the Russian guns at the Alma trying their range over the ground which the Allies must necessarily pass in assailing the Russian position.

We reached that position on the eve of the memorable battle; when Major Kriloff, first giving us in strict charge to a subaltern, peremptorily demanded my letter to Prince Menschikoff, with which he forthwith disappeared through the dense masses of soldiery, in the direction of two or three white tents near the centre of the encampment, and the only ones I saw.

A solemn, fearful, thrilling sight was that which presented itself upon the now historic heights of Alma, and the acclivity beyond that river—a space easily, from the vantage-ground upon which we stood, swept throughout its whole extent by the naked eye—yet within which narrow verge a hundred thousand combatants were already marshalled. Here, the sullen satellites of the czar; yonder, the eager soldiers of the West, armed with all the modern enginery of war—offerings of science at the shrine of Moloch—and impatient for the signal that would launch them at each other's throats. Who shall foretell the issue of the coming strife—dare predict aught thereof, save that the now fast-sinking sun, whose receding rays are at this moment but faintly reflected from bayonet-points, glittering epaulettes, and the bright scarlet uniforms of the British array, fronting the Russian right and centre, will to-morrow light thousands of brave foils to dark, untimely graves!

It was thus the raw youth, fresh from his father's home, felt rather than reasoned. The war-accustomed soldier by my side, a stranger to such commonplaces, felt and argued after another fashion; and whilst I was awed, oppressed, by the magnitude, the mightiness of the spectacle, with its bodeful associations, its dire shadows cast before, he was coolly mastering its details, weighing the advantages or otherwise of the rival positions in a purely military sense; and when I turned sharply towards him, startled, shocked in my sentimental mood by the ringing tone in which he spoke, I read in Captain Dalzell's brightly-flushing face and sparkling eyes—I had for some time quite made up my mind as to who Karl Hartmann really was—that the soldiers of the West, those ranks of red especially, my father's countrymen, were not, as I had feared, doomed to inevitable defeat.

"Before this hour to-morrow, Master Henderson," said he, "a great fact, which, indeed, none but fools have ever questioned—but then fools are so large a majority everywhere—namely, the immense physical and moral superiority of the western to the northern and eastern races of Europe in the present day—will have received a new and brilliant illustration, and a new and brilliant page of military history will also have been inscribed by the victorious swords of France and England. And worthy of those great deeds is the magnificent theatre in which they will be performed—magnificent in a soldier sense as well as in natural grandeur. Let me sketch it in rough outline, so that, when you return to America, you may be able to describe to your aunt and father—and the Saucy Gipsy of course—a position which twenty thousand of our, of their race would have held against world; but from which, to-morrow, you will see some fifty thousand Russians driven like sheep."

"There is an adage, Mr Hartmann, relative to slaying the bear before you sell its skin."

"And a very respectable adage it is," rejoined the

confident soldier; "but, spite of its ancient wisdom, we will take the liberty, for once, of forestalling the spoil, now that the Lion and the Eagle are so close upon the quarry. But with respect to this position of Menschikoff's: really, it speaks highly for the old fellow's military judgment, particularly as he is only a sea-officer by profession. We are standing on the ridge, and at about the centre, of a vast and rugged amphitheatre, shut in seaward by precipitous cliffs, and on the right by hilly ground, fissured by impassable rifts. This amphitheatre slopes roughly, jumping down to a river, which my obliging friend, the officer in whose charge or custody we are left, informs me is called the Alma. Now, these heights cannot be less than three hundred feet above the level of that river; whilst the surface of the slope is, moreover, you perceive, broken into sharp ridges, rugged ravines scooped out by winter floods. On this side of the river, and in front of the British position, is a scattered village, vine-fields, and other wooded cover, occupied, my friend informs me, by thousands, but say hundreds of riflemen. In addition to these defences, many earthworks have been thrown up, and batteries of heavy cannon so placed as to sweep every practicable way of approach."

"How, then, are the Allies to attack a force so posted with any chance of success?"

"The 'how,' my young friend, presents itself very simply. The French on the right of the Allies, their own right resting on the sea, will, I apprehend, if the cliffs are accessible seaward, endeavour to scale them, under cover of the ships' guns, and turn the Russian left. The British have nothing for it but to fairly take the bull by the horns, ford the river in their front, clear the village and wood, and charge boldly up these broken, hilly, cannon-swept heights. The bayonet will make a road."

Having so far settled the affair to his own satisfaction, Mr Hartmann turned to 'my friend,' the Russian subaltern, with whom he immediately commenced an animated conversation in Russ.

Meanwhile, evening, with its calming, subduing power, was falling over all things, the vast, restless masses of men around us inclusive; and gradually the deafening Babel of shouts, orders, imprecations, the measured march of armed men, the gallop of horse, the hurrying to and fro, the bugle-calls, the roll of drums, all subsided to comparative silence, and was succeeded by a low, wide-spread hum and murmur of many voices, varied now and then by peals of laughter or rough snatches of song, as the men settled themselves for the night. Presently, innumerable watch-fires glowed brightly forth, and repeated in the distant French and English bivouacs, seemed to meet and mingle with the lights of the firmament.

"The next time, Mark," curtly observed Hartmann, "the bright stars look down upon this particular spot of earth, their lovers' light will fall upon sounder sleepers than the wearied fellows that will to-night dream around their watch-fires. Really a splendid night, though, but deuced chilly! I hope Major Kriloff will soon turn up. Oh, here he comes."

The major apologised for his long absence. It was only after much delay that he could obtain a few moments' interview with the prince. "Your letter, Mr Henderson," he added, with double-refined politeness, "is entirely satisfactory; but his Excellency will not be able to see you personally till after to-morrow's battle—I might say, since of that there can be no doubt whatever, to-morrow's victory: and, gentlemen, I have further to say, that Colonel Puhmpenuff sends his compliments, and will be glad of your company for an hour or two this evening."

"We accept the invitation with the greatest pleasure," promptly replied Hartmann. "Come along, Mark! Depend upon it, my lad," he added, as we followed a few paces behind the major, "that if there is a snug,

snoozy bivouac to be had on such a field as this, a rich Puhmpenuff will be sure to have secured it.'—Colonel Puhmpenuff, who was snugly bivouacked, received us very cordially, and we made a convivial night of it, no one appearing to think of bed. The colonel himself, however, though I suppose as brave as others, seemed ill at ease after a while; and more than once, when he thought himself unobserved, I noticed him rapidly make the sign of the cross, and, judging by the motion of his lips, ejaculate a prayer. Poor fellow! the shadow of a near and premature death chilled and depressed his boding spirit.

With the first rays of the dawn, the *réveille* rang through the Russian host, which immediately started into life and activity. Major Kriloff procured three Cossack horses for himself and us, and a clump of Cossacks proper, to escort or guard us; and bidding farewell to our hospitable entertainer, we took our way to some high ground, not far from the village of Almatomak, and near the Russian centre, which commanded a view of a large portion of the field. Breakfast over, the troops—green infantry, green artillery, green cannon, green tumbrils, green cavalry, with the exception of a few squadrons of dragoons clothed in white—took up their assigned positions, and immediately numerous processions of splendidly-habited popes or priests, bearing sacred pictures, passed slowly before the lines of kneeling soldiers, blessing them with uplifted, outstretched hands, and no doubt appropriate words, though these were inaudible; a reverential roll of the drums, as if muffled, continuing throughout the ceremony—which over, the pictures and popes were sent to the rear, out of the range of heterodox cannon-balls. There were no colours that I saw, and the officers concealed their rank and honours beneath the gray great-coats of the common soldier—a useless, as well as degrading device, according to Hartmann; an officer, armed with a sword, being always easily distinguishable from the musket-bearing rank-and-file, particularly if he does his duty—that of encouraging and rallying his men.

The oppressive pause which followed the close of the religious ceremonial, was at length broken by the booming of heavy artillery, far away on the Russian left. This proved to be the guns of the fleet supporting the attempt of the French to scale the cliffs on that side, as Hartmann had anticipated. Mounted officers were soon galloping to and fro; large bodies of troops moved off to sustain and strengthen the Russian resistance; and the struggle in that quarter rapidly developed itself. The English, meanwhile, after having some time before closely approached the Alma, lay motionless upon the ground, partially concealed from view by the inequalities of its surface, their left terminated by a brilliant body of cavalry, though numbering only—Hartmann reckoned—about a thousand sabres. Fiercer with every passing minute grew the din of battle on the left; still the English gave no sign, and this, to me, inexplicable tardiness to engage, sent the hot blood in a gallop through my veins. Hartmann was also greatly agitated: his face as white as paper, his eyes afame with excitement; and even Kriloff was indulging himself with a jest at the scarlet soldiers' expense, when he was silenced by a shout like an explosion from Hartmann, followed by—'The British bugles at last! Now for the tug of war!'

As the words left his lips, the red-coated battalions rose up out of the earth, as it were—formed, with the Rifles in front, the artillery in the intervals of divisions—and with banners displayed, came on in all the pomp and glory of war. I can merely indicate by a few brief pen-strokes, my own very partial experience of the battle itself. The Rifles had, I judged, reached the river when the hurricane of fire reserved for that moment burst forth, and must, it seemed to me, have swept away every soldier within range; and how, I

asked myself, shall men of mortal mould withstand, defy, that continuous, incessant iron tempest? Yet to my amazement did the volleyed thunder of the invisible battle—the war-cloud of driving smoke and glancing flame which shrouded the actual combatants—manifestly advance up the cannon and rifle swept heights, in vast whirling eddies, as it were, for a moment driven back, again sweeping onwards, and opening, dividing, lifting into rifts, layers, of flame-smoke. And there gave indistinctly to view, crowds of men struggling together in confused masses, or writhing on the ground—lines of flashing bayonets, of shakos, bear-skin caps, Highland bonnets; while the uproar of shrieks, yells, imprecations, cheers—was maddened, so to speak, by the crashing thunder of an artillery, which for a long time seemed to multiply itself with the exigencies of the fearful strife. Thus confused and fragmentary, but vivid, was my individual impression of the battle of the Alma. Yet, fascinated as I was by the dread spectacle, I well remember to have felt, after the first quarter of an hour, an instinctive conviction that the rout of the Russians, in a given time, so many minutes more or less, was the assured, the immutable conclusion of the furious struggle—a conviction which, as the day advanced, was shared by the Russians themselves. This was evident from the exclamations of rage and astonishment I heard on all sides; the galloping of mounted officers here and there, without purpose or result; the hurrying far to the rear of wounded officers rescued from the mêlée; and by and by from the anxious withdrawal, beyond chance of capture, of the numerously-horsed artillery. Whilst I was rooted, as it were, to one spot, Hartmann was moving restlessly about—to the extent of the tether permitted by a dozen Cossacks, who never left him for an instant—in a state of wild excitement. Twice only during the battle did I hear his voice: once, soon after its commencement, exclaiming: 'They have fired the village! Fools! they should have held it with their teeth.' And again, just as the hour of final victory and defeat was about to strike: 'This way, Mark!' cried he; 'only for a moment, or you will miss the grandest act of the play, and about the last, too, for on this side in a few minutes it will be, or I am much deceived, *excent omnes!*' I mechanically obeyed in time to see, in the direction to which he pointed on the right of the position, a vast and solid mass of Russian infantry drawn up in reserve in the rear of a battery—cleft, riven asunder, by two pieces of heavy artillery brought to bear upon them from a near eminence, at point-blank range; and to hear the tumultuous yell of mortal agony, rising high above the general roar of the battle, till, at the third or fourth discharge, the serried mass, which there was no attempt to deploy into line, broke asunder, and fled in confusion and dismay. On the left, the French battle had been equally successful and decisive, though by no means so obstinate or bloody; and presently a thundering cheer, heralding the swift advance of a line of flashing steel along the whole British front, completed the panic of the Russians, who, giving way in all directions, were in a few minutes, with the exception of their numerous cavalry, who made a show, and a show only, of interposing between the victors and the vanquished—a mob of terror-stricken fugitives, throwing away muskets, knapsacks, even shuffling off their heavy boots as they ran in their frenzied flight.

'There go the valiant Russ!' exclaimed Hartmann, 'as I told you they would, like a flock of frightened sheep; and our friends here are naturally impatient to follow; so come along, Mark, or some of the unrespecting bullets flying about may chance to mistake you for one of the runaways. Hi! hi! hip, hip, hurrah!' shouted the untamable man, as he set spurs to his horse, flourished his cane above his head, and rode off at the head of the wondering but watchful Cossacks.

Kriloff had absquatulated sometime before, and we

did not see him again till the second day after the battle; by which time, something like order was restored among the Russian troops. He came to say, that Prince Menschikoff was about to move with the bulk of his army in the direction of Simferopol; and that he, the major, Hartmann, and myself, would set out direct for Sebastopol in an hour from that time. He had not left us more than ten minutes, when a subaltern of the Arofsky regiment came to say, that Colonel Puhmpenuff, who was in *extremis*, desired to see us immediately. We found the good-natured, if not very bright, young officer extended on the green-sward, his head propped up by knapsacks, and evidently upon the threshold of his last long home. He was dying from a hurt in the hip, received at the Alma, which, from improper treatment, had gangrened. He had a letter in his hand, which he placed, with a faint smile, in Hartmann's.

'Deliver this,' he slowly murmured, 'to Admiral Korniloff, my relative, at Sebastopol. He may befriend you: you will have need of friends.' Kriloff, though a noble—Heaven pity such nobles!—is an agent of the secret police. He suspects you to be—bend down your ear—Ha! As I feared, it is true! No matter; I, who shall soon need mercy, would fain shew some whilst yet I may. Kriloff but suspects, remember. He saw somebody at Simferopol who hinted—who hinted!—He stopped suddenly; a shadow fell and rested upon his face; a slight shudder thrilled his frame; he faintly ejaculated: 'Marie! God!' and died. The letter was directed in a female hand to himself; the envelope was stained with blood; and so was a lock of bright chestnut hair—the colour of Ruth's!—which it contained.

ARTIFICER-SOLDIERS.

BEFORE the year 1772, the sole trade of the English army was fighting; and when handicraft industry came to be in requisition in the course of the service, civil mechanics were employed. During the progress of the works at Gibraltar, this arrangement was found to be highly inconvenient; for men who felt their services to be indispensable, and who were not amenable to military discipline, took the law into their own hands. It was in consequence determined to organise a company of soldier-artificers, to consist of stone-cutters, masons, miners, lime-burners, carpenters, smiths, and gardeners. This was accordingly done; the whole body mustering 68 men, officered by the Engineers. This number was slightly augmented, and did such good service in the works at Gibraltar, that, in 1787, a corps of six companies, of 100 men each, was added to the army, but not without violent opposition both in and out of parliament, and not without much clever sarcasm from Mr Sheridan, directed at the ludicrous idea of depriving artificers of their liberty, and putting them under martial law. In six years after, four companies were added for service abroad; in 1811, another addition was made, which brought up the strength of the corps to 2861; and in 1813, the name was changed, and the artificers became the Royal Sappers and Miners of to-day.

A quarter-master-sergeant presents the public with a regular history of this corps, in two goodly octavo volumes, with numerous engravings, and written in a style that will pass the ordeal of a corps of critics.* But this is not surprising; for the duties of these soldier-workmen necessarily lead the higher spirits among them into science, and open out a boundless field for ambition. Still, while in the corps, they are sergeants at the best, being officered by the Engineers; and after the most distinguished career of civil and military service, extending over a space of twenty years and

more, they may think themselves well off if they are discharged with a pension of two shillings a day.

Hear this history of *Second-corporal William Beal*: 'He was educated for a Baptist minister; but an introduction to Dr Olinthus Gregory failing to realise his hopes, he enlisted in the corps in 1828. His intelligence caused him to be chosen for the two surveys of Ascension. He afterwards served at Bermuda, and at Halifax, Nova Scotia. At the former station, he was wounded by the accidental firing of a mine whilst blasting rock, and submitted to the amputation of portions of his fingers with stoical composure. Wherever he went, he took with him a small but valuable library, and was well read in the latest issues from the press. Byron, Carlyle, and some abstruse German writers, were his favourite authors. No man in his condition of life was, perhaps, as conversant with the roots and eccentricities of the English language as Beal; and his mental endowments rendered him capable of grasping any subject, however deep, and turning it to profit both in his duties and in his daily intercourse with men. Late in his service, he attained proficiency as a draughtsman; and later still, an enterprising engineer in London submitted a plan for a system of sewers in the metropolis, which was accompanied by a report drawn up by this sergeant. He left the corps in April 1849, with a pension of 2s.; and the knowledge and experience he acquired by application and travel, are now being employed, with advantage to his interests, in one of the settlements on the Rideau Canal, in Canada.'

As a fellow to this, we present another second-corporal:—'Greenhill was an intelligent man, pleasantly eccentric, and fond of antiquities. While with the expedition, he made a collection of silver coins of remote times, which, with laudable feelings of attachment to his native place, he presented to the Perth Museum. His hair was as white as silver; but his beard, full and flowing, was as black as ebony. To the Arabs, he was quite a phenomenon; but the singularity which made him so, did not save him on one occasion from being rudely seized by a horde of banditti, and plundered, with almost fabulous dexterity, of the gilt buttons on his frock-coat. They had nearly finished their work, when Greenhill tore himself from their grasp; but finding a button still remained on the cuff, he, with audacious daring, pulled off the frock and threw it at them. Suspecting that their work was incomplete, the Arab pounced on the coat, and tearing off the remaining button, scampered away to the hills again. When, some years later, the Niger Expedition was forming, Greenhill volunteered to accompany it. He had a notion that the service would be one of suffering and vicissitude; and the better to insure himself to its contemplated hardships, he submitted his body to rigorous experiments of exposure and self-denial, which, inducing erysipelas, caused his premature decease in October 1840.'

Another singular character, who may yet be heard of in the world, is 'Colour-sergeant John Ross, a very ingenious mechanic, who, after his discharge in April 1848, was appointed engineer at Runcorn, to attend to a small steam-fleet in the canal, under the Bridgewater Trust. He invented the drawbridge at the entrance of Fort Albert, Bermuda, the largest of its class in any military fortification, and which can be easily worked by two men, either in throwing it across the ditch, or pulling it in. Many years of his life has been spent in perfecting a new system of locomotion for ships. His great idea was the construction of a vessel which should ride above the control of the waves, resting upon an arrangement of large cylinders, to serve, like the piers of a bridge, as the natural supports of the ship, and within which should be placed his revolving paddle-wheels, to be moved by steam appliances. By a very ingenious contrivance, he provided that the sea, which

* *The History of the Corps of Royal Sappers and Miners*. By T. W. J. Connolly. In Two Volumes. London: Longman. 1855.

should come in contact with the paddles, should not only be deprived of its resistance, but made to assist in the propulsion of the vessel. The speed he calculated to obtain by his system was almost incredible. Personal trials of an imperfect model, in the waters at Bermuda, convinced him of the practicability of his bold scheme. After quitting Runcorn, ambitious of higher employment, he emigrated to Canada, where he is pursuing the study and development of his novel notions of ship-building and locomotion. He received a gratuity and medal for his services in the corps, and might have been promoted to the rank of sergeant-major; but, restless and speculative, he preferred to try what his mechanical genius would yield him in civil life.

In addition to these, we may mention Corporal John McLaren, who, after a service of twenty-three years, was discharged upon a pension of 1s. 7d. a day. He emigrated to South Australia, and became one of the pioneer-surveyors of the colony, where he still flourishes in the office of deputy-surveyor general, at an income of £.700 a year.

The adventures of the artificer-soldiers are sometimes very curious, their duties leading them into novel and interesting situations. When Sir Ralph Abercromby was devising measures for reducing Porto Rico, it was thought that if the lagoon bounding the eastern side of the island was fordable, it might be possible by its means to force the troops into the town. To ascertain the practicability of the passage, it was necessary to make the survey in the middle of the night; and a private of the corps, David Sinclair, volunteered to accompany an officer of Sir Ralph's staff on this service. At the appointed hour, these adventurous men entered the lagoon together, and with the aid of a long staff, pushed their way across to the opposite slope, where they heard the sentries conversing as they walked their rounds. They returned in the same way; then coolly throwing away their staves, repeated thefeat; and having returned in safety, reported the ford to be practicable. It is recorded that Sir Ralph praised our private for his gallantry, and presented him with a johannes—a piece of eight dollars.

At the removal of the wreck of the *Royal George*, commencing in 1839, some of the iron cylinders, filled with powder, to be fired against the wreck, were damaged; and in this case the duty of unloading the cylinder to preserve the good powder was very hazardous. Having removed part of the outer casing of lead, Corporal David Harris cut a hole through the side of the wood-work, by which, after emptying a part of its contents, he got into the cylinder, and continually kept filling a copper shovel with powder, which he handed out from time to time when full. At these periods only could any portion of him be seen. When rising up in his hole, he was as black as a sweep. To knock off the powder, which had become caked either by wet or compression, he was provided with a wooden wedge and a copper hammer. Every precaution was taken to prevent accident—such as putting out the fires, laying hides on the deck, and wetting them occasionally, as well as working in slippers. The duty was very unpleasant, and required in the operation more than ordinary courage. Soldering the loading-hole of the cylinder was also a dangerous service. The neck and loading-hole were of brass soldered to the iron-work. As the hole was to have a disk of metal soldered over it, after the cylinder was filled with powder, with a plug and some clay between the powder and the disk, Mr Taplin, a foreman in Portsmouth Dockyard, was requested to send one of his artificers to do it who was accustomed to that sort of soldering; but the man sent to do it was horror-struck at the idea of the thing, and declared he would not attempt it for a thousand pounds! The hole was eventually soldered by one of the sappers, though unused to the work.' This poor

man was a person of varied acquirements, and assisted in executing the wood-engravings in Colonel Pasley's *Practical Operations of a Siege*; but he was given to habits of irregularity, and was pensioned a few years ago on 1s. a day.

In 1842, the diving operations against the same were resumed; and the following scene will give a further insight into the varied duties and dangers of the Sappers and Miners:—'A dangerous but curious incident occurred this summer between Corporal Jones and private Girvan—two rival divers, who, in a moment of irritation, engaged in a conflict at the bottom of the sea, having both got hold of the same floor-timber of the wreck, which neither would yield to the other. Jones, at length fearful of a collision with Girvan, he being a powerful man, made his bull-rope fast, and attempted to escape by it; but before he could do so, Girvan seized him by the legs, and tried to draw him down. A scuffle ensued, and Jones succeeding in extricating his legs from the grasp of his antagonist, took a firmer hold of the bull-rope, and kicked at Girvan several times with all the strength his suspended position permitted. One of the kicks broke an eye or lens of Girvan's helmet, and as water instantly rushed into his dress, he was likely to have been drowned, had he not at once been hauled on board. Two or three days in Haslar Hospital, however, completely cured him of the injuries he thus sustained, and these two submarine combatants ever afterwards carried on their duties with the greatest cordiality.'

We now exhibit these fearless men in quite the opposite field of adventure: 'Private James Weir was perhaps the most daring sapper in building the stages for the observatories. Like the chamois, he could climb heights almost inaccessible, and stand or sit at work on ledges, copings, pinnacles, vanes, and pieces of timber, where scarcely any human being would dare to venture without all the accessories and appliances which precaution could command for insuring safety and preventing alarm. At Ely minster, the tower of which is about 200 feet high, and at Norwich cathedral, the spire of which is the most elevated in England, being 327 feet from the ground, he was as agile and self-possessed as in an ordinary workshop. At Norwich spire, a brace broke under him, and he fell a distance of nine feet; but in his descent he caught hold of another brace, and thus saved his life. The accident did not in the least daunt him, for the next moment he was at work again, as cool and as brisk as ever. At Keysae, in Bedfordshire, the builder who contracted to take down a portion of the spire was about to relinquish his engagement as hopeless, but our adventurous scaffold-builder was lent for the occasion, and the removal was soon accomplished. Weir took up his ladders and fixed them; but before placing the last one, he climbed the spire, unaided by scaffolding or supports, and, to crown his success, took off the vane, and brought it down with him. He achieved a still bolder feat at Swaffham, in Norfolk. Upon a projecting joist which he had fixed, and the dimensions of which were 4 inches wide by 12 feet long, he walked steadily forward to its end, at a height of about 120 feet, and with astounding coolness and dexterity performed his hazardous duty. At Thaxted, in Essex, he climbed the outside of the spire by the crockets, and at the giddy altitude of about 210 feet from the ground, sat upon the creaking vane, and whirled himself round upon its grating pivot. This was on the 11th April 1844. A drawing of the scaffold and stage was given in the *Illustrated London News* of that date. At Danbury, in July 1844, his services were very distinguished. To take the initiative or first step in any one of these perilous services, was always the most important task; but however difficult or dangerous it promised to be, Weir never shrank from its performance. Climbing the inside of the steeple, he reached its topmost sounding aperture, in which he

secured a piece of timber. This projected some feet beyond the spire. Upon the end of this joist he stood, and after hauling up a ladder, fixed it upon the projecting timber, and then ascended by the shaking ladder to the top of the spire. There he hauled up the block and tackle, made it fast to the steeple, and descended amid the cheers and wonder of the crowd who witnessed his fearful exploits. The services of this daring man were frequently alluded to with especial particularity by the provincial press, and alike insured the applause of his comrades and the approbation of his officers. He afterwards served on the exploration survey for a railway in North America. In May 1848, he purchased his discharge, and set himself up in business in Halifax, Nova Scotia. His industry and mechanical ingenuity soon brought him success in his new line of life, and he received the appointment of superintendent to the Water Company in that town, which he now fills, at a salary, with other emoluments, of about £200 a year. On receiving this appointment, the company purchased his stock of goods from him for about £700; and he bids fair in a few years to be a wealthy man.'

Throughout the volumes are many military anecdotes of the Sappers and Miners, which reflect equal credit on the corps. In the following, we see them not only pioneering an escalade, but acting as the forlorn-hope:—'In the surprise of Bergen-op-Zoom, on the 8th March, parties of the company were attached to each of the columns appointed for the attack. There were about forty men in all, who were provided with axes, saws, and crow-bars, and also a few ladders to scale the walls of the fortress. At about half-past ten o'clock, the attack was made. The Sappers cut down the palisades, crossed the ditches, planted the ladders, and leading the way in the escalade, were the first soldiers on the enemy's ramparts. They then pushed forward to remove any obstacle that opposed the advance of the assailants, and persevered in their several duties till the place was captured.'

'MEAT, DRINK, AND ENTERTAINMENT.'

CIVILISED man is pre-eminently a dinner-eating animal. Just in the ratio that man becomes civilised, he dines. There is no risk in asserting, that 'when wild in woods the noble savage ran,' he was innocent of mulligatawny and turtle soup—that the delicious perplexities of discriminating between the merits of caliphash and calipee never embarrassed him—that visions of *pâtes chaudes aux bécassines, or noix de veau en daube*, never lay in nightmare guise upon his soul, or roused him from his bed of leaves in some cavern dormitory, his heart dismayed and his flesh creeping with the avenging horrors of indigestion. The noble savage, poor wretch! (as Pepys says) had no gentlemanly experiences of this kind, we may be sure. If he knew anything of cookery, which he did not in all cases, it was not as a science, but as a matter of tough necessity. Mrs Glass's joke was to him the serious business of his life—he had first to 'catch his hare,' or whatever else the fortune of the chase might throw in his way, and then to cook it, if he could, and how he could, or to eat it raw, according to the urgency of the occasion. It would depend upon circumstances whether he baked his joint in a hole in the earth, or cutting it into strips, cudgelled the morsels into a condition of comparative tenderness, and so devoured them. But he loved roast pork; and when the *spolia opima* were a pig, piggy was pretty sure to consummate his career in the primitive kind of oven above mentioned, whence arose that savoury odour which in all ages and among all ranks

of Gentile society elicits a spontaneous response from the salivary glands. But our noble friend knew nothing of dinner, as we know it. How could he? With his hare continually to catch ere the demands of appetite could be satisfied, his meals, we take it, must have been a series, few and too far between, of everlasting breakfasts. With a larder always alive and kicking—perversely objecting to be served up—and giving no end of trouble ere it would succumb to the spit—if spit there were—how was it possible he could get up such a thing even as three courses and a dessert, which, as all the world knows, is the least that is necessary to constitute a dinner?

No, the noble savage did not dine. When man sat down to dinner, he had ceased to be a savage. As his palate grew by slow degrees, and as the result of long experience and experiment, capable of appreciating the numberless delicacies which bountiful Nature had in store for her children, he rose step by step in the scale of being. As one generation passed away and another came, he learned gradually to eat; and the noble savage, as a consummation which it required ages to bring about, eventuated, as the Americans have it, in the gastronome. Who shall undertake to say to what extent the human family has profited by the education of the appetite? Contemporaneous with the dawn of dinner was the dawn of enterprise, adventure, and that spirit of investigation and research which has ransacked the surface of the earth and the depths of the ocean for new viands and still untried luxuries; and with the spread of the table-cloth was coeval the spread of intelligence and refinement. As dinner grew into a household custom, society grew more social and genial—conversation became an art, politeness a habit; selfishness had to shrink from observation—and mankind were taught the regulation and control of their appetites by the very means they had acquired for their gratification. The dinner, from being a domestic necessity, became a public institution, hedged round with so much of ceremonial as guarded it from coarseness and an unseemly display of the instincts of appetite. Conviviality, in becoming general, grew by necessity to some extent refined. To dine, is no longer the sole object of a dinner: with the gratification of one sense, we have learned to unite the indulgence of others; and the animal propensities of our nature are secondary to the intellectual faculties and the acquired mental tastes. When we feast in the present day, we feast not only the palate, but the eye, the ear, the mind—exquisite flowers blossom around us, strains of delicious music float above us, and the charms of wit or the magic of oratory captivate and delight the soul. Such, at anyrate, would appear to be the beau-ideal we aim at in preparing a modern dinner. How far we succeed, is another question; and how much of the original savage element minglest with our enjoyment of the modern banquet, is for those to decide who have had most experience in the matter. Into that branch of the subject we have no disposition to inquire. Perhaps if the noble savage could be recalled from his primeval forest after the lapse of a few score centuries, and dropped suddenly into the climax of a lord-mayor's feast at the Mansion House, he might fail to recognise some of the constituents we have mentioned as forming the symposium of to-day. But that is neither here nor there.

The above discursive talk upon an appetising subject, the reader must take for what it is worth, and no more. We have been led into it by alighting accidentally upon what would be called a 'full, true, and particular account' of a dinner given to a distinguished personage by the corporation of the city of London—not such an account, be it understood, as would be, and no doubt was, afforded by the newspapers of the day, but a document of very different signification. In the form of a thin folio volume, this matter-of-fact voucher

lets us behind the scenes, and makes us familiar with the secret machinery that sets in motion the grand municipal spectacle which the Londoner loves to look upon, and which leads him, by its constant and gorgeous repetition, to connect the ideas of civic grandeur and inexhaustible resources with a corporation dinner.

We learn first of all, from the Report of the Police Committee, that as the result of their deliberations, they had sent deputations to the Secretary of State, to know at what hour it would please the distinguished guest to arrive at the Guildhall—to the Commander of the Forces, for detachments of troops to line the streets—to the Master General of the Ordnance, for the loan of so many manège horses for the use of the lord-mayor, aldermen, and sheriffs—and to the benchers of the Middle Temple, for the use of Temple Lane as a horse-station—and that, having arranged the order of the procession, and supplied all parties interested with a copy of the printed programme, they, at the hour appointed, repaired severally to their posts, and performed, with others, the parts allotted them. Then follow the details of the procession, much as given in the reports of the day, with the order observed on the return of the distinguished personage, when the feast was concluded. The Report winds up with votes of thanks to the officials in high places who had acceded to the requests of the committee, and recommends the award of some substantial gratuities to certain superintendents and inspectors who had manifested their zeal for the honour of the City authorities. An appendix to this Report is very diffuse on subjects relating to the gravelling of the line of route—the barricading of lateral streets—the designing, printing, and engraving of the invitation-cards—the disposition of carriages and ‘horses’ heads’ in going and returning—the ordering of policemen, firemen, constables, watchmen, &c.—and a score of other matters which must be difficult enough to manage, but which the reader would not thank us for recapitulating.

Then follows the Report of the Entertainment Committee, consisting of the aldermen and commoners upon whom had devolved the duty of providing all things enjoyable on a scale commensurate with the dignity of the corporation. Their first care was the cleansing and beautifying of the Guildhall with new decorations, the refitting it with an entirely new set of gas-tubing, the stirring up of such of the city companies as had pageants, and the borrowing of plate from the guilds which had it to lend. Then the conductors of Her Majesty’s concerts were engaged for the musical department, and the tickets, sealed with the seal of the committee, were issued to the guests. Orders were then given for illuminations at certain points of the route westward, and various other preparations carried out, not forgetting the borrowing of armour, flags, and banners, from the Ordnance Board to decorate the banqueting-hall.

The Report then cites a long list of the guests, embracing well-nigh all the dignitaries of the kingdom—the royal household, the royal dukes and duchesses, the foreign ambassadors, the officers of state, the judges of the realm, the highest official personages, with the two archbishops, and a whole column of dukes, earls, and right honourables, terminating with the corporation’s own officers. For the election of this brilliant assembly, we learn that about 150 dozen of Claret, Burgundy, Hock, Champagne, and other wines, including Blanco-Tinto Madeira, Tokay, Paxareta, and Sherries above a hundred years old, were provided. The viands, of which an accurate catalogue is appended, were on a proportionate scale, including, besides some fifty chefs-d’œuvre of the culinary science, designated by a nomenclature in the kitchen-French tongue, which is intelligible only to the initiated, above two thousand tureens and

dishes of the choicest delicacies. Among these, we noticed 220 tureens of turtle, 50 boiled turkeys, 60 roast ditto, 80 pheasants, 40 dishes of partridge, 40 capons, 140 jellies, 100 pine-apples, 200 dishes of hot-house grapes, as many of ice-creams, and a corresponding array of other indispensable luxuries. The cost of this magnificent display of hospitality, including the sums disbursed to wine-merchants, cooks, and confectioners, was barely under £2000; enough, in all conscience, one would think, for a dinner; but, in fact, the eating and drinking expenses bore but a small proportion to the entire cost of the banquet, which amounted to above £8000. The eye and the ear, as we before remarked, had to be charmed as well as the palate; and of this large sum, the upholsterers took above £1800; the artificers and decorators, nearly as much; the illuminations cost above £1000; £300 was awarded in gratuities; and the expenses of plate, music, printing, stationery, &c., swallowed up the remainder—not omitting £40 for flowers and flowering-shrubs.

Such a dinner as this is not, of course, an everyday concern; but the general reader might hardly be prepared to hear that, in addition to its committees of management, its controllers, directors, and superintendents, it had also its historian, by whom every particular connected with its preparation, conduct, and consummation, has been chronicled in a folio of the standard blue-book dimensions. But so it is; and the details of a great dinner, eaten in honour of the municipality of the capital, are recorded with all the precision, and a great deal more, of those of a great battle, upon which might depend the destiny of a people. So accurate, in fact, is the account rendered, by means of illustrations shewing the separate covers of each guest, his or her situation at the tables being marked with the name or title in full—that posterity, to the remotest era to which print and paper will endure, will be freed from the possibility of any doubt as to the exact position at table of each eminent person. It will be known at a glance, for ages to come, that at that memorable meal the Duke of Norfolk hob-a-nobbed with Mrs Brown, while Mr Brown had for his vis-à-vis the Iron Duke himself; that Viscount Palmerston took wine with Mrs Copeland, and Sir David Wilkie exchanged civilities with John Johnson; that Sir Frederick Pollock, Sir William Follett, and Sir Charles Wetherell, sat together—and so on and on; such interesting facts, to the number of several hundreds, being placed beyond the risk of oblivion by the labours of the corporation’s historian and the corporation’s printer. If the reputation got by eating a great dinner is not of so heroic a kind as that achieved by fighting a great battle, it is, at anyrate, more definite and certain. A grenadier shot dead in storming a redoubt, may have answered all his life to the name of John Jones, and yet get immortalised in the Gazette as Tom James. Such injustice the corporation of London disdain to inflict upon their recruits—do your duty at their dinner-table, and whether you survive the encounter or not, you are inscribed in the rolls of fame, and your honoured name transmitted to the admiration of posterity.

On turning to the printed records of entertainments given by the same municipal body at periods dating further back, we find them conducted on a similar principle, yet exhibiting such differences as mark an improved taste in the later examples. The amount of money disbursed for mere eating and drinking, a generation or two back, was much larger in proportion to the total expense than it is in the case under review. The cost of a grand city-banquet appears to vary from something under £5000 to something above £20,000. At the dinner to which we have taken the liberty of introducing the reader, the expenditure on behalf of the palate was considerably under a fourth of the entire

cost; while at one which took place on a corresponding scale in a preceding reign, it was almost one-third; and at another still earlier, approached to one-half of the grand total. These gradual changes evince a tendency in the right direction—they are indicative of a more just and intellectual appreciation of the pleasures of the festive board, than could have obtained where the guests were merely eating and drinking animals; and they point to ultimate perfection in the science, for it is nothing less, of social conviviality.

We have had various treatises lately on the art of dining, from men who, boasting considerable experience that way, have undertaken to lay down the law for the benefit of the public. But we cannot even allude to their sage maxims at the present moment, being under an engagement to dine with our good friend Alderman Sidebone, and having barely time enough left to dress for dinner.

BOU-MAZA—THE FATHER OF THE GOAT.

For the latest and the fullest news, for the most correct appreciation and the most intimate knowledge of the Algerian Arabs, the European world is at present compelled of necessity to apply to French sources of information; and there is enough that is curious and interesting in the tenure by our neighbours of their Indian Empire, to make the real truth of the case a desirable acquisition. The Arab has been too long regarded as a purely poetic object; too long has he been flatteringly beheld through the hazy splendour of an ideal medium. A faithful picture of his real character will at first startle the prejudiced reader. Justice, however, requires that it should be presented to him. Perhaps the French are not so unpardonably blamable for many things they have done in Algeria; perhaps, even, they could not help doing much that has been harshly criticised. This, at least, must be remembered—that if the inhabitants of the north coast of Africa had been allowed to have their own way, without control or interference, the Mediterranean waters might still be swarming with the pirates of Morocco, Tunis, and Algiers, and many a Christian family might have to mourn a member still pining in Mohammedan slavery.

The following abstract of an *Étude sur l'Insurrection du Dhara*—which broke out in 1845—6—by Charles Richard, captain of engineers, and resident magistrate at Orleanville, will serve to throw a little light upon the subject.

A young dervish had been living for some time in the midst of the Cheurfa tribe with an old widow woman—a good Mussulman, who took him into her house from religious motives. This man, of an ardent and fanatical temper, concealed, beneath an appearance of calm meditation, projects too vast for the scope of his intellect. In fact, he proved to be no less a personage than Si Mohammed ben Abd-Alla himself, the instigator and chief of the revolt of the Dhara. He led the most edifying life possible, spoke to nobody, prayed from morning till night, and lived on the offerings that were brought to him. His mode of living, his ecstasies, his unceasing prayers, and even the filthiness of his garments, acquired him at last a certain reputation for holiness, which steadily increased from day to day, and which, little by little, extended to the Dhara. A goat which shared the hermit's meals as well as his solitude, and which also performed at word

of command a few exceedingly simple tricks, was a marvel in the eyes of the stupid Kabyles, and completed the mystery and the originality of the dervish's character, and procured for him the surname of Bou-Maza—the Father of the Goat.

When the dervish had thoroughly studied the disposition of the people around him, one dark evening, which threatened a severe tempest, at the hour when he usually retired to the widow's tent in order to take his accustomed repose, he announced to her in the tone of inspiration, that the time was come for him to reveal himself; that he was now about to leave her; but that in a very short time she would hear talk about the envoy of Allah, the Sultan Mohammed ben Abd-Alla. He then departed, leaving the poor credulous woman in the surprise and delight which such a declaration was likely to cause. He quitted the Cheurfa, passed the Oued Aberi, and proceeded straight to the Souhalia, a fraction of the Ouled-Jounes, to the tent of El Hadj Hamed el Jounsi, a simple-minded man, whose general credulity and special faith in the Arab traditions and holy writings were probably well known to him. At the barking of the dogs, the poor man stepped out, and found himself face to face with the new sultan, who told him that, knowing the fervour of his faith and purity of his conscience, he had selected him before all other Arabs for a distinguished honour, of which his posterity would be proud hereafter. He was sultan, he declared, by the grace of God; sent by Allah to exterminate the Christians, and all the Mussulmans who obeyed them; and he had chosen El Hadj Hamed's tent as the starting-place for the execution of the projects which it was his mission to accomplish.

The credulous Hadj Hamed received every word as a voice from Heaven, when a flash of lightning, illuminating his sacred guest, shewed in detail a costume far from magnificent. Ben Abd-Alla, however, told him not to be troubled on account of his dress; that he presented himself in this disguise purposely to test his faith; and that in good time he would see his dirty and ragged *derbal* transformed before his eyes into a *burnous* of gold. This at once sufficed to restore the confidence of El Hadj Hamed. The shérif, it seems, was not mistaken in his man; he was evidently the very tool to work with at the outset of his career.

On the following day, a feast was prepared with some goats borrowed from the master of the hospitable tent; who also undertook to invite the guests to eat them. Whatever may be its temperance at other times and other places, the Arab appetite is always ready to attack good things that are set before it gratuitously. Crowds responded to the invitation, and the shérif soon found himself in the midst of an audience fit to listen to his inaugural discourse, and to witness his metamorphosis from a dervish to a sultan. He told the assembly that he was chosen by God to exterminate the French, and to found a new Mussulman monarchy. He declared that he was sure of victory; that gunpowder had no power to harm him; that every true believer who aided his divine mission, would be sure to enjoy the same privilege; and that the time had arrived when all good Mussulmans ought to make common cause against the infidels. He urged them to get their arms in readiness, and to prepare themselves

by fasting and prayer for the great work they were about to undertake. He promised them the plunder of Orleanville, of Tenez, of all the wealth possessed by Christians, and by every Mussulman who sided with them. He assured them that the gates of heaven were opened to all who might perish in the struggle. In short, to irreproachable believers he promised invulnerability; to others less pure, what joys the next world has to give; and, lastly, to those who had the luck to survive, the riches and the pleasures of the present life. These three promises—the last especially—made in a tone of inspiration, and given with the air of complete confidence, produced an extraordinary sensation in the rude and superstitious people to whose apprehension they were addressed.

The prophecy ended, the crowd dispersed with a vague presentiment that strange events were about to happen. The news flew from mountain to mountain; and soon under every tent of the Dhara, nothing was talked of but the envoy of the Prophet, the Sultan Mohammed ben Abd-Alla. Arab poetry, which, even more than our own, feeds upon fables and marvels, was delighted to embellish the stories that were circulated respecting the stranger. He was young, handsome, and had a star on his forehead. He was reported to have performed miracles; and plenty of eyewitnesses came forward to affirm the statements on the Koran. It was said that he caused a gun to be fired at himself at two paces' distance, and that the only discharge was a stream of water, which fell at his feet, and then vanished. It was asserted that he came from the Cheurfa—the Flittas—Morocco—Mecca—heaven itself.

People flocked in from all quarters, to see and hear the mysterious stranger about whom such marvellous tales were told. As he was a saint, a marabout, a shérif, it was impossible to approach him decently with empty hands; and, according to ancient custom, every one brought his visit-offering, according to his means. The poor man gave his small copper coin; the rich man his large silver one. Family hatreds, and old debts of blood, were forgotten before the grand affair of the moment; and the surest safe-conduct an Arab could have, was the pretext that he was going to make his call on Si Mohammed ben Abd-Alla. The crowd of visitors multiplied; the dervish's purse swelled satisfactorily. He was then able to purchase oxen, and organise his entertainments on a vaster scale. An immense multitude thronged to these religious feasts, which always concluded with a few prophecies, wherein the intelligent shérif caused to vibrate with admirable skill the only chords of feeling which the burnous covers.

Hitherto these manifestations had been almost entirely made by natives who had no connection with the French; but subsequently the friends and appointed agents of the Christian power, who had maintained at first a wavering and restless neutrality, joined in the general enthusiasm, and testified their sympathy for the young sultan, not indeed openly, but with crafty secrecy. Letters bearing their seal reached him, and were purposely shewn to the group of first-rate believers who surrounded him, to excite their ardour, and inspire the confidence which they needed at the outset of so bold and dangerous an enterprise. The visit-offerings increased in value. Money was plentiful; horses, arms, and military stores began to arrive. One great personage sent a red silk banner; another, a handsome horse, ready saddled and caparisoned; a third, a beautiful silver goblet, and other precious articles for the outfit of the rising sultan.

Mohammed ben Abd-Alla next endeavoured to introduce order among the crowds that gathered around him as if by magic. He promised them regular pay, but, above all, plenty of grazias, or plundering excursions.

All the bandits with whom Africa swarms, came to enlist under the flag of the shérif, who promised them pardon for their crimes, with wealth and heaven in perspective. These precious auxiliaries constituted the bold and vigorous portion of his soldiery; and it was with fellows, who can distinguish a horseman at telescopic distance—who can sustain a conversation a couple of leagues off—who recognise unknown pathways when they are hidden under snow or shrouded by fogs—it was with such picked troops that he was able afterwards to perform the terrible exploits which curdled the blood of the Arabs, and made them yield as submissively to his authority as if they had been prisoners bound hand and foot.

To crown his good-luck, not only the thieves came to him, but the property they stole. Thefts multiplied in a frightful manner, and passed the bounds of ordinary audacity. All the Arab adventurers who had attached themselves to the service of the shérif, prowled by night amongst the neighbouring tribes; and even in towns under French protection, committed robberies of extraordinary daring and address.

Bou-Maza was one day in his tent, surrounded by the principal dignitaries of his future government, when a Kabyle of rough and determined aspect presented himself, and demanded to speak with him. The shérif gave orders that he should be admitted. As soon as the stranger entered the tent, he drew a pistol from his girdle.

'You say you are the envoy of Allah,' said he, 'sent to conquer the Christians, and to expel them from the country: if you speak falsely, the fact ought to be exposed; if truly, I desire to have unmistakable proof, because I shall then claim the honour to be the first of your soldiers.' The Kabyle presented—pulled the trigger—missed fire. The murderous attempt was thrice repeated, and thrice the pistol refused to act. He then threw the weapon away, shouted out 'A miracle!' and cast himself at the feet of Bou-Maza, who during the perilous experiment did not manifest the slightest emotion.

After remaining several days encamped in the Oued-Oukhelal, the shérif, now feeling sure of his men, determined to strike the opening blow. He departed secretly by night, with the necessary number of attendants, and fell at daybreak on the *douar* of El-Hadj-Cadok, the kaid of Mediouma, whom he put to death with his own hand. It was asserted that the kaid, before breathing his last, snapped a pistol at him, which would not go off. The circumstance confirmed the belief that gunpowder had no power to hurt him. After having performed his grazia, he returned to the camp of Oued-Oukhelal, boasting aloud, in order that his words might be reported, that he reserved for every kaid who took part with the French the fate of Hbadj-Cadok. El-Hadj-Cadok having been slain because of his devotion to the Christians, it was manifest that no other such kaid could hope for mercy in the eyes of the shérif. The information of the murder spread universal terror amongst all who had entered into European service.

The news of the assassination of the kaid of Mediouma attracted to the insurrectionary banner multitudes who had hitherto remained neutral. Of this number were Aissa bel Djin, Hbadj-Fegrail, and several other powerful chiefs of the Mecheïa. These men thirsted for vengeance on their former kaid, Hbadj-bel-Kassem, against whom they cherished an ancient hatred.

The principal profession of these Sebehhas has always been theft and plunder, practised either on those travellers whom necessity compelled to cross their territory, and amongst whom they did not respect even the pilgrims from Mecca, or on their neighbours, with whom they have always lived in open hostility. In the time of the Turks, a Sebeffa when applied

to for payment of a debt, always put off the evil day till the arrival of the caravan from Oran, on its way to Algiers with tribute to the pasha. At that time the debtor glided during the night into the Turkish camp, and stole enough to pay what he owed, and to supply his own little private exigencies.

In consequence of such force of character, the Sebehas are the head of the tribes of the subdivision, and are, to a certain degree, the barometer of public opinion. If they are calm, others make no attempt at disturbance; but if they are restless, their neighbours feel a terrible itching to follow their example. Consequently, it will be understood what importance Bou-Maza attached to the submission of such a tribe as this, which, in spite of the enormous losses it had suffered in the late wars, could still place at his disposal 300 efficient cavalry, and at least 2000 foot-soldiers.

Aissa bel Djin and his companions were, therefore, received with unequivocal marks of joy. They were promised the satisfaction of all their old grudges; they were honoured with a speech especially addressed to them; they were surrounded by the faithful who had witnessed miracles; they were all converted, and that so well, that Aissa bel Djin—who is the most corrupt and incredulous Arab who ever drunk a jar of sour milk, but who, like all Arabs, is extremely superstitious—at last believed himself in the divine mission of Si Mohammed ben Abd-Alla, and found an unexpected pleasure in reconciling his evil projects with the declared will of the Almighty.

During the first burst of public enthusiasm, the shérif was able to combine a considerable force, and engage in regular battles with the French. Their result, however, soon disgusted him; he ceased to present himself thus face to face; and unless when possessing a great numerical advantage, he quite gave up this mode of contest. He had now recourse to the various methods which Abd-el-Kader employed with continued success, and which, in the actual state of Arab institutions, furnish a terrible means of resistance. He made war upon the tribes, to force them to make war against the Christian enemy; he struck with terror, and murdered with dreadful tortures, all those who remained faithful to their European allies. Every kāid, every agent of the French, were at once converted into a traitor, and gave information of the slightest movement of his masters. The French, therefore, after having tried in vain all other methods of reducing their enemy to submission, were at last obliged to adopt the same tactics; and between the two, the tribes were decimated.

After this protracted struggle, peace became the general wish. Bou-Maza felt that he had drawn from the country all the energy it had to place at his disposal; and fearing an untoward change of opinion, and the natural consequence of a murderous bullet, he escaped towards the south with a few faithful horsemen, taking away with him, as the remnants of his grandeur, his banner folded in a chest, and his treasure carried by a couple of mules. Unfortunately for him, he decided upon traversing the country of the agha of the Ouersenis, who watched, pursued, and, after an unparalleled chase of a dozen leagues across the mountains, succeeded in reaching him at the very moment when he was entering the territory of the Beni Tigrerin. Hadj Hamed dismounted or killed the handful of horsemen, and laid hands on the treasure, which was divided amongst his followers. But it was impossible to take the shérif himself, for he was mounted, as usual, on an excellent horse. He fled by the merest goat-paths in the direction of the Beni Tigrerin; and a few days afterwards, a party of cavalry travelling from the south, stated for certain that he had been killed by the people of that tribe. Confirmatory reports came in from day to day, and the

country began to turn its thoughts towards the advantages of peace.

Hadj Hamed, who, while passing near the town of Mazouna with his *goum*, or retinue, had arranged the marriage of his son with the daughter of a rich inhabitant of the place, was desirous of profiting by the return of peace to go and fetch the bride himself, with all suitable pomp and circumstance. After having got together about 150 horses, he set out under the escort of all the great families of the neighbourhood, who wished to pay him the compliment of their presence. He arrived at Mazouna in the evening, and was perfectly well received. The bride was made over to the females who accompanied him, and next day, at an early hour, they were again upon the road. Just before they reached the river Oued Meroui, he observed a considerable party of horse approaching in excellent order. He thought it was the Sebehias, led by the Agha Si Mohammed, coming, as had been agreed, to perform a *funtasia*, or games on horseback, before the cortege of the new-married lady. Under this belief, he ordered his cavalry to form a double row, to allow those who arrived sufficient space to perform between the two lines. The approaching party then rushed full gallop into the opening made for it; and when fairly in the midst, made a general discharge of firearms, loaded with ball, at the agha's horsemen, with the battle-shout : 'Mohammed ben Abd-Alla!' It was, in truth, the shérif, whq by a night-march of perhaps twenty leagues, had come from the extreme part of the Flittas tribe, where he had rallied a new band of partisans. The shout of 'Treason!' soon answered to that of 'Mohammed ben Abd-Alla!'

The agha's cavalry dispersed immediately after having made a useless discharge of their guns, which were loaded with powder only, in honour of the wedding-festivities. They rushed to the narrow and difficult passage of the Oued Meroui, where they encountered an ambuscade of 400 or 500 Sebehhas foot-soldiers, and were decimated without the possibility of making an honourable defence. Several isolated horsemen performed prodigies of valour; but the great body thought more about flight than combat. The agha, who remained to the last by his daughter's side, died defending her. A score of horsemen were left dead in the bed of the Oued Meroui; the rest escaped separately, pursued by the entire force of the Sebehhas. The shérif carried off all the women, a considerable number of mules and baggage-horses; and after this astounding resurrection, which was attended by the death of the most devoted servant of the French, he established himself in the plain of Mtaougrits.

It may be easily conceived what effect the apparition of Bou-Maza produced in this country. It was impossible not to recognise in this miraculous event the results of the divine protection. Everything that had occurred could, therefore, have no other effect than to increase the awe with which the sultan was regarded, and the terror which his name inspired. The insurrection, which had been hitherto restricted within the limits of a province, now assumed colossal proportions, and embraced the whole of Algeria. And finally, Abd-el-Kader, the hero of Arab independence, long forgotten amidst the sands of the Sahara and the mountains of the Rif—Abd-el-Kader, whom the French believed they had driven from the country of the Tell for ever—profiting by the general enthusiasm, threw into the course of events the whole weight of his strength and reputation. Bou-Maza was absorbed, and lost in the glory of the superior luminary. What subsequently followed, is known to every one: the stream of war swelled to a mighty river, whose destructive current was visible from afar. Our object has been to discover some of the secret springs, and to follow the less conspicuous streamlet, by giving the early history of the fanatic

Bou-Maza, the sanguinary Father of the Goat. Not the least singular part of his story is its conclusion—that he should survive to enjoy a quiet residence in France, with a pension from the government.

A PANIC ABOUT PIGS.

In these busy times, a man may pick up scraps of information which do not fall to his share in days of peace and tranquillity. There is continually occurring that which either illustrates some great but almost forgotten natural principle, or lays bare to us some of our glaring deficiencies, either national or social. It is a good thing that such should be the case; else should we, indeed, have little return for the miseries, costliness, national hatreds, interruptions to commerce, and misdirected energies, almost inseparable from a state of war. It is a duty to pick out the good lessons from the bad events. In order to effect this, however, it is necessary to check the morbid taste for horrors engendered by the whirl of events at and near the scene of actual conflict. The mind is in a very poor state for gathering up the crumbs of wisdom, when thrown into this unhealthy excitement. We know a family among whom a dish of horrors is now an expected daily feast; and we doubt not that many readers of the *Journal* could point to parallel instances. The father of the family, living somewhat beyond easy reach of the newspapers, has made special arrangements for receiving an early copy of the *Times*; and not content with this, he procures a 'second edition' at a later hour of the day. Both copies are read out aloud—not a Crimean letter being omitted, or a dispatch from 'our own correspondent.' Father, mother, children, all drink greedily in the horrors; all imbibe a sort of conviction, that there is a ferocious and deliberate intention somewhere to murder 50,000 men by neglect; all (though they have no relatives or friends out in the Crimea) get into a kind of nervous irritable excitement, which quite unfit them for appreciating any of the columns of the *Times*, except those which relate to the disasters of the army. It need hardly be said, that this is ruinous to any exercise of sound judgment, and hurtful to the gentle natures and gentle thoughts of children.

But the reader may wonder what these serious admonitions can possibly have to do with *pigs*. The truth is, however, that this is exactly one of the instances shadowed forth in our opening paragraph. If we may learn much about many things during stirring times, a pig may be one of the links in the chain of knowledge, for aught we can say to the contrary. Now, a pig—or rather pigs plural instead of pigs singular—may be made use of to assist in developing this truth, that peace, in matters of business, may possibly be regarded as a disastrous affair, just as a bad season would be to the farmer. Every man, in this world of ours, looks out for as much of his particular employment as will afford him the means of support; and whatever brings the amount below this level, is to him an evil, however it may benefit others. In this sense, there is much truth in the two old proverbs concerning the 'one man's meat' and the 'ill wind.' If the war ceases, the demand for certain commodities will lessen; if the demand lessens, the market-price will fall; if the market-price falls, the profit will be reduced; if—But the reader can see the result without any more ifs.

It will be remembered that, towards the close of 1854, the diplomatic hocus pocus at Vienna assumed such a

form as to give a sort of faint shadow of a shade of a chance that peace might be restored. One of the Russian princes with the unpronounceable names, was said to have agreed provisionally to certain 'notes' which might mean anything that his czarship chose. Whether the agreement and the notes are worth more than the drop of ink which it took to write them, is not for us to say; but the very rumour caused a panic about pigs, and that it is which we are concerned with here. Let the reader glance through the following from the *Cork Constitution* of the day following that on which the news of the so-called agreement reached this country, and say whether it does not appear that peace would be a very terrible thing:—'Pork, which had previously fetched 43s., had to be sold at 38s., which was the top price obtained. Owing to the large numbers which remained unsold, the scroves in the market were quite inadequate to store them; and they had to be crowded on ladders, where they remained during the night. The receipt of news, either confirmatory or in denial of the previous intelligence, was anxiously looked for; but no information could be obtained. The consequence was, that yesterday the panic continued, and the sellers were forced to dispose of the stocks in market at a ruinously low figure.' It seems to be something more than a mere temporary reduction of price that the dealers would have had to submit to, according to a further observation made: 'Should the news of peace prove true, the consequences to the large provision-houses in this city [Cork] will be serious. They have had heretofore difficulties to contend against, one of which is the great scarcity of casks. The journeymen coopers have been at cross-purposes with their employers, and frequently a bounty of £5 or £6 has had to be given to a good workman for consenting to enter upon an employment. The consequence of the scarcity of casks has been, that in the stores of the principal provision-merchants the provisions are piled up, uncasked, in immense quantities. . . . If five casks in any "lot" are condemned by the examiners, the entire lot may be refused. It is also stated, that from the casks in which the provisions are packed being made of new timber, the pickle quickly turns black, and produces an apparent discolouration of the meat.'

The government contracts for salt pork are intimately connected with the pork-trade of Ireland, concerning which a few words may be said.

It is well known how Paddy prizes his pig: he has good reason to do so, for the pig is one of the few commodities possessed by him which can be exchanged for money. In the New Forest, the pigs are allowed to forage for themselves; they are placed under a swineherd, who agrees at so much a head to look after the swine during a certain number of weeks' residence in the Forest. The animals are fed almost wholly on the beechmast and acorns which they pick up, and are scarcely any expense to their owners, who pay a small sum to the Steward's Court at Lyndhurst for this privilege of 'masting' in the Forest. But in Ireland, matters are differently managed: piggy is as much a gentleman as Paddy; he finds a corner in the same hut; and if he does not eat out of the same dish, there is in hard times a very near approach to this state of things. A pig has many merits over a sheep or a bullock: he will live on anything; he will not trouble his master to look much after him; and almost every atom of his slaughtered carcass is valuable for some purposes or other. He is a scavenger, in addition to his other merits; for he gobbles down offal which would otherwise be a nuisance. It is a very curious circumstance, too, that notwithstanding the gross feeding of the pig, the ratio of offal to carcass is less in him than in the sheep or the bullock—namely, one-third of the live weight; while in the sheep and the bullock, it is seldom much less than one-half.

This, then, is another reason why pigs are somewhat in the light of favourites among cottagers, and Irish cottagers or cottiers in particular. There are pig-dealers who go about from fair to fair in Ireland, to purchase the porcine wealth of the peasantry. A man having a pig to sell, will drive or entice him (for it is hard to tell how to get a pig to 'move on' in the wished-for direction) to a neighbouring fair, where the shrewd dealer makes as close a bargain as he can. There is a vast deal of blarney, and often a considerable amount of whisky, consumed during the bargaining. When the purchase is made, the dealer either transmits the pig to the nearest shipping-place, and sells it to merchants for the English market; or he sells it to fatteners, from whom the pig is purchased by the provision-merchants of Cork, where salt pork is prepared and sold in immense quantities.

The distinction between 'sucking-pigs,' 'porkers,' and 'bacon-hogs' may be easily understood. Sucking-pigs, like infants, have their age designated by weeks rather than by months or years; they are killed before the age for weaning, and have a tenderness and delicacy due to a milk diet. The porkers are weaned at about two months old, and are suffered to live on, with such food as they may best obtain, to an age varying from three to seven months—the older animals weighing most, but the younger bringing a better price per pound. The bacon-hogs are fed on odds and ends of refuse, to an age varying from twelve to eighteen months; after which they are fattened on a more carefully selected diet. This fattening process goes on for about two or three months; after which occurs the transformation of hog into bacon. One of the curiosities of free commerce is, that while nearly all the better kinds of Irish bacon are shipped to England, much of the commoner kinds of American bacon are consumed in Ireland. It is, perhaps, scarcely necessary to say, that bacon is cured by a combined action of salt, heat, and smoke; whereas salt or pickled pork is exposed simply to the action of brine or salt solution.

Ireland looks to England as the great customer for all such produce. Mr M'Culloch estimates that, between 1838 and 1844, Ireland sent annually to England 8280 tierces of salt beef, 22,920 barrels of salt pork, and 83,540 cwt.s of bacon and ham—worth collectively about £300,000. In all probability, the quantities have been larger since 1844. In war-time, however, as at present, the demand for salt pork undergoes a sudden and large increase; because both sailors and soldiers require to be provided with meat that will keep several months. True, it was never intended that salt pork should be eaten raw, for want of fuel to cook it, as seems to have been in some instances the case in the Crimea; but enough of that sad tale. At various periods during the year 1854, the provision-merchants at Cork took vast contracts for salt pork, in some cases amounting to many hundred thousand poundweights. An advanced price was, of course, obtained at such a time; but even at this price, a loss would be incurred if any circumstances were suddenly and unexpectedly to check the demand. Hence the nervous apprehension of the merchants at the bare possibility of a sudden declaration of peace.

In what manner war may raise the market-value of commodities, is not difficult to comprehend. Without entering into the dry details of political economy, a few words from Mr Tooke's *History of Prices* will shew the nature of the disturbance. In the event of a war breaking out, 'there would be a disturbance of the proportion of the prices of commodities, relatively to each other, and relatively also to the price of labour. The articles which might suddenly be the objects of government demand would rise; but, on the other hand, those articles which would, but for the war, have been purchased by individuals from the fund which is

withdrawn from them, would experience an equivalent fall. In general, on such occasions, the demand by government being sudden, and on a large scale, for commodities of which the supply has not had time to accommodate itself to such extra demand, may produce a considerable rise in the price of such commodities; while the corresponding abstraction of demand being spread over an infinitely greater surface, would operate in a manner that might be hardly perceptible, but would not be the less real on the run of general prices.' The gist of this is, to shew that when the prices of a few articles rise in consequence of a government demand in war-time, there is a corresponding diminution of prices in the great bulk of other articles; but that, nevertheless, as the new demand is sudden and violent, and the diminution in other articles is gradual, and spread over an extensive surface, there always seems to be a sort of general dearness at such a time.

But, eschewing these economical teachings, no one wants to be taught that a sudden demand for a great deal of pork would raise the price of that pork, as of any other commodity under parallel circumstances. Whether it is all owing to the war, or to the war combined with other circumstances, that sensitive barometer, the breeches-pocket, tells us that prices of articles in great demand have undergone a serious rise in price. Take the end of January in 1853, when the Aberdeen ministry was scarcely a month old; and the end of January in 1855, when the same ministry died a sort of violent death. In the former, we had the best Essex white wheat at 60s., and in the latter, at 80s. per quarter; in the former, the best town-made flour at 46s., and in the latter, at 73s. per 280 lbs.; in the former, the best wheaten-bread at 8d., and in the latter, at 11d. the 4-lb. loaf; in the former, the best beef at Newgate Market at 3s. 6d., and in the latter, at 4s. 4d. per stone; in the former, the best tallow at 45s., and in the latter, at 57s. per cwt. And so it is in respect to the barrels and tierces of salted meat—the war affected the demand, and the demand affected the price, and the price affected the supply, and the supply affected the hopes and fears of the dealers; and these hopes and fears became very sensitive at any prospect of sudden alternation from war to peace.

And thus does a Panic about Pigs become a more important affair than at first thought it might appear.

THE SIEGE OF THE SWALLOWS.

This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooinly here: no jutty, frieze, buttress,
Nor coigne of vantage, but this bird hath made
His pendent bed, and procreant cradle: where they
Most breed and haunt, I have observed, the air
Is delicate.

The swallow of this kind, however, is not always a temple-haunting or church-going swallow. Occasionally, he contents himself with the abode of the priest; and some years ago, when staying at the rectory of Stanbourne, a retired village in Essex, I was greatly interested in a sieve he and some of his neighbours gallantly sustained in dwellings they had built under the eaves of the house.

In the latter part of spring, these birds make their appearance with us in England, if the weather is fine; but whence they come, it would be more difficult to tell. Many years ago, an anonymous 'Person of Learning and Piety' propounded the theory, that they spent their hibernation either in the moon, or in some intermediate planet, too small to be visible from the earth, lying in the gulf of space, just as rocky islands are found in the middle of the sea, of no other obvious

use than for fowls to rest and breed upon. This idea, however, after being thoroughly sifted by the naturalist Ray and his correspondents, was dismissed as untenable; even the nearest planet being too far off for such a purpose. Olaus Magnus was the first who proposed the submarine theory—or, rather, who stated as a simple fact, what was received as such by the descending line of philosophers, including Linnaeus and his rival Klein, down to Baron Cuvier, that the swallow, like the little old man of German tradition, tucked himself under the water for his winter's sleep. The most authentic narratives were given—one of them read to our Royal Society—of the bunches of swallows that were dragged up from the bottom by fishermen; and it was stated that, although the birds were insensible, their hearts were still pulsating! At length, it occurred to some person in Germany to bring the question to a practical test, and he at once offered an equal weight in silver for a haul of the submarine swallows. No reply was received, and the authentic stories ceased.

Let us get to the building, however. Whether he comes from the moon or the bottom of the water, the swallow is here, and sets to work at his nest, in the fashion thus described by White:—‘The crust or shell of this nest seems to be formed of such dirt or loam as comes most readily to hand, and is tempered and wrought together with little bits of broken straws, to render it tough and tenacious. As this bird often builds against a perpendicular wall, without any projecting ledge under, it requires its utmost efforts to get the first foundation firmly fixed, so that it may safely carry the superstructure. On this occasion, the bird not only clings with its claws, but partly supports itself by strongly inclining its tail against the wall, making that a fulcrum; and thus steadied, it works and plasters the materials into the face of the brick or stone. . . . By this method, in about ten or twelve days, is formed a hemispheric nest with a small aperture towards the top, strong, compact, and warm, and perfectly fitted for all the purposes for which it was intended. The shell or crust of the nest is a sort of rustic-work, full of knobs and protuberances on the outside; nor is the inside of those that I have examined smoothed with any exactness at all, but is rendered soft and warm, and fit for incubation, by a lining of small straws, grasses, and feathers; and sometimes by a bedding of moss interwoven with wool. They are often capricious in fixing on a nesting-place, beginning many edifices, and leaving them unfinished; but when once a nest is completed in a sheltered place, it generally serves for several seasons. Those which breed in a ready-finished house, get the start in hatching of those that build new by ten days or a fortnight. These industrious artificers are at their labours in the long days before four in the morning; when they fix their materials, they plaster them on with their claws, moving their heads with a quick vibratory motion.’

The locality chosen by the swallows we have now our eye upon, was, in the year in question, as in various former years, under the eaves of the rectory of Stanbourne. The house is an old-fashioned lathed and plastered parsonage; its projecting gables united by a transverse body, and this protected from the mid-day sun by a pretty veranda, covered with roses, clematis, and woodbine. The progress of the architecture of their summer-visitors had been watched with interest, year after year, by the worthy rector and his wife—by the latter more especially, a close observer of the habits of animals; and the operation usually amused them for ten days or a fortnight. The swallow, in fact, is necessarily a slow builder; for each layer of mud he places, requires some considerable time to dry, before

anything can be superadded with safety. Notwithstanding all his caution, however, the difficult job frequently fails; and occasionally he has to begin several nests anew, before getting one to hold. Some folk think him an idle workman, because he is seen so much upon the wing, flashing hither and thither, with no other apparent object than amusement; but all this time his nest is drying, and he knows he must not yet venture to touch it.

The nests were at length completed, and we thought there was nothing more to be seen, till the young ones should be peeping curiously out of their doors at a world into which they were called, they could not tell how or wherefore. But one morning our attention was aroused by an unusual clatter—by sounds, there was no doubt, of aerial strife; and running out, we saw the stronghold of the swallows attacked by a troop of sparrows, whose obvious design was to gain possession of the ready-built comfortable nests. We are not aware that this proceeding is in accordance with the ordinary habits of sparrows. They build skilfully their own nests, and are more careful in the choice of a locality than the swallows; and we are driven, therefore, to the conclusion, that this was entirely an exceptional case, and that the besiegers were a colony whose dwellings had been either rendered uncomfortable, or wholly destroyed, by some accidental interference of man or nature.

It might be thought that the marauding-party would have had no chance at all with creatures so strong, and so wonderfully quick that it was doubtless in reference to them the orator alluded confidently to the fact of a bird's being in two places at once. But there are some considerations that tell in favour of the sparrows. They are a more united body than the others: they go to work in concert, and live under fixed social laws: when they are engaged in plundering, they have outlying pickets to give the alarm in case of need; and they have secret courts of justice for the trial and punishment of criminals. On these solemn occasions, they betake themselves to some solitary place—perhaps at the outskirts of a wood; and the whole community gather and vociferate round the offender, reproaching him, no doubt, with his baseness. What punishment follows, we are unable to tell; for this secret tribunal has its spies and sentinels posted around, and on the slightest alarm the court breaks up, and changes the venue to some more solitary spot. The very mystery of the proceedings, however, is ominous of some terrible catastrophe; and we turn away with a shudder from speculating on the doom of the guilty sparrow.

The sparrows, besides, are obstinate and determined to the last degree; they think nothing of repulse, but return again and again to their attempt, of whatever nature it be. They have a Zouavian boldness and impudence; they hold in utter contempt the laws of property; and, in fact, they have every characteristic of reckless banditti or roving buccaneers. It is not wonderful that a body of this nature should become formidable by more than numbers, even to more powerful and agile creatures. In spite of the gallant sorties of the garrison—in spite of their lightning sweeps among the enemy—the nests were sometimes reached, and received considerable damage; and although the besiegers were always driven back, they were always sure to return. The swallows were at work by the earliest dawn in repairing the breaches in their earthworks; but as soon as this was accomplished, the sparrows, being of the nature of a light guerilla force, and therefore unburdened with a commissariat, which would have obliged them to wait for supplies that never came, and of the orders of a war-minister who gave no orders at all, were upon them again on the instant.

The brave swallows, it may be supposed, were much

harassed; but by and by, they had recourse to an engineering expedient, which shewed a very extraordinary degree of intelligence. The sparrows, they knew, had no chance with them in personal conflict—the object of the assailants was to get possession of their fastnesses; and in order to render this more difficult, the swallows actually built up the door of their nests in front, and made an opening behind, where they joined the wall!

The chagrin of the assailants, when they discovered this clever manoeuvre, was ludicrously evident; but nevertheless, with the obstinacy of true sparrows, they continued their attack with unabated vigour; repeatedly attempting to take the place by storm, and being as repeatedly repulsed. The conduct of one swallow was the special subject of our admiration—for we need not say that, day after day, we returned to the spectacle with all the eagerness of the combatants themselves—and often we wished we had the power of individualising him in some way or other. This champion posted himself within one of the newly-made doors, from which his tail-feathers protruded; and, well knowing that the sparrows would not hazard a personal conflict, there he remained with incredible perseverance, so far as we know, morning, noon, and night. To say that we watched him every hour of the day, would be an exaggeration; but the tail-feathers were the first object we saw in the morning, and the last that waved over the retreat of the assailants in the afternoon: these tail-feathers were the true standard of the besieged—a flag so immovable, that it gave us the idea of its being nailed to the mast.

Curious as it may seem, this singular siege continued, till the appearance of the young swallows shewed the assailants that all hope was over; and they at length took their departure, and we saw them no more. But the champion was not so easily moved. Perhaps he considered the young to be in danger; perhaps he had become accustomed to his gallant watch; perhaps he was proud of the distinction he had gained; perhaps— But we could not tell what might be his inducement: all we knew was, that whenever we chanced to look at the nest, there was he, as alert as ever, with the tail-feathers standing out in triumph from the door.

Surely this was a kind of monomania! We wondered what were really the hours he chose for his food and recreation; and the idea even occurred to us—we acknowledge it was a wild one—that his grateful brethren provided him with everything necessary, leaving him to indulge, as his sole pleasure in life, in recollections of his glory. Week after week passed away, but not so the tail; September came, but the tail did not go; the leaves fell, but the tail stood; and in October, when the colony flitted to the moon, or to the bottom of the waters, this heroic sentinel remained behind.

Was he asleep? Had his feet been so long rooted to the spot that instead of migrating like the rest, he had sunk into torpidity at home? Our curiosity was raised to the highest pitch, and at length placing a ladder against the wall, we crept cautiously up. The tail-feathers did not stir, even when our breath was upon them; we touched them with our finger—they were cold and motionless. Dead! thought we—brave sentinel—he died at his post! We removed the nest gently, and bringing it down to our friends, the rector and his family—we found the tail in it, but nothing more! Three feathers, arranged so as to represent exactly a swallow's tail, were firmly fixed in the threshold of the door! *

* The main facts of the above curious siege, including the removal of the doorways, and the imitative sentinel, were communicated to us by a gentleman of respectability, who refers us to the rector and his lady, as well as to other friends.—ED.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN. *

BY MARIE J. EWEN.

You have come back to us, my brother,
With your pale and thoughtful brow;
Is the joy of old about your path?
Is your 'life-rose' blooming now?

You left us, dear, for a fairer clime,
And a brighter sun than ours;
For the deep repose of forest shades,
And the gold of orange bowers.

We half rejoiced that you were not here
When our winter's skies grew dim;
For we rightly deemed—"A glorious sun
There shines afar for him!"

And oh! when your first dear letter came,
How the gladness flashed through tears;
For each word of cheer and blessing fell
Like a silence on our fears.

And although you said that clime was bright,
And although that land was fair;
'There was no place like your own dear home
To be met with anywhere!'

You have come back to us, my brother,
To your childhood's home once more;
To the music of the loving voice,
To the warm, true hearts of yore.

You have come back to us, my brother,
With your pale and thoughtful brow;
And the star of Hope about your path,
Is it beaming brighter now?

Does it point from earth to that fair clime
Where the sunshine shineth best?
Where the wanderer's weary soul may find
Both a refuge and a rest?

We bid you welcome back, my brother,
To your childhood's home once more;
To the music of the loving voice,
To the warm, true hearts of yore!

MISS NIGHTINGALE.

Miss Nightingale in appearance is just what you would expect in any other well-bred woman who may have seen perhaps rather more than thirty years of life; her manner and countenance are prepossessing, and this without the possession of positive beauty; it is a face not easily forgotten, pleasing in its smile, with an eye betokening great self-possession, and giving, when she wishes, a quiet look of firm determination to every feature. Her general demeanour is quiet, and rather reserved; still, I am much mistaken if she is not gifted with a very lively sense of the ridiculous. In conversation, she speaks on matters of business with a grave earnestness one would not expect from her appearance. She has evidently a mind disciplined to restrain, under the principles of the action of the moment, every feeling which would interfere with it. She has trained herself to command, and learned the value of conciliation towards others and constraint over herself. Her nerve is wonderful: I have been with her at very severe operations; she was more than equal to the trial. She has an utter disregard of contagion; I have known her spend hours over men dying of cholera or fever. The more awful, to every sense, any particular case, especially if it was that of a dying man, her slight form would be seen bending over him, administering to his ease in every way in her power, and seldom quitting his side till death released him.—*Osborne's Scutari.*

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